

Ferdinand.
Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies string patrone:

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the first houre, when beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground where? which I meane I walke upon, it is yelped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous cment that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beholdest, surmaysst, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrth, (Clown. Meed?) that vnlettered small knowing Soule, (Clow. Meed?) that shallow vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, bight Costard, (Clow. O mee) sorted and comforted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with, but with this I passion to say where with:

Clow. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Ferd. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Ferd. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clow. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clow. This was no Damofell neyther sir, there was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Ferd. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Braine and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper: My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,

And goe we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans bar, These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scoorne.

Sirra, come on.

Clow. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt, or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Ecce with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Ecce is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Ecce is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heart'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speaks the meere contrary, crosses loue not.

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yerres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Br. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yerres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is bale for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a bafe wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deu's durtie. I thinke scoorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a Greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetically.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red, Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred, And feares by pale white shewne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame, By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same, Which nature she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president.

Boy. I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall binde Costard: she deserues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damfelle, I must keepe her at the Parke, there is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maide. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maide. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maide. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Maide. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maide. Faire weather after you.

Clow. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clow. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clow. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clow. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master Moth, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is bafe) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Buttaft is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.